

A Yong-mans most earnest affection to his Sweet heart,  
 Express in a dainty Courtly Sonnet:  
 First read and heare it, then censure vpon it.  
*To a curious new Northerne tune.*



Come come my Deare that art so pretty,  
 Lettred my suite and vaild some pitty,  
 For all the world shall here remoue me,  
 Unill the day I die I bow to loue thee:  
 And all the birds in euery valley  
 Will gladly sing the praise of *Iacke and Dolly.*

Thy rare perfection I admire,  
 Thy company I doe desire,  
 Thy presenced yids to me such pleasure,  
 I would not misse thy sight for any treasure.

Be thou my swetning constant ever,  
 And I in loue will still perseuer:  
 The Ocean sooner shall be dyed,  
 Than my firme loue to thee shall be denyed.

Let me enjoy thy lonely presence,  
 Which I do hold my earthly essence,  
 And with reciprocall affection  
 I will be constant to my first election.

Though both my parents friends and kindred  
 Shall meane to haue my meaning blynded,  
 I will not change my resolution.  
 Though I were sure the same were my confusion

Though I desire in haste to marry,  
 Yet if I were constrained to tarry



A dozen yeares for that happy meeting,  
 I patiently would stay for thee my sweeting.

Then let not thy affections wauer,  
 Nor let me still retain the fanguer:  
 Be not unkind, nor fickle minded,  
 Thy bare hath found more wo then ever thou had.

I many proffers haue refused,  
 Whereat my friends haue greatly mused:  
 When I thinke on thee that is surpasses,  
 Then for thy sake I loath all other Lasses.

He thinks thy sparkling eyes I see still,  
 Which is a comfort vnto me still,  
 I dreaming see thy shadow nightly,  
 And waking wish to see the substance rightly.

Thy body is straight, small and slender,  
 Thy skin is white, smooth, soft and tender:  
 Thy leg and foote is framed neatly,  
 And all thy lineaments are made compleatly.

The Poet with his witty phrases,  
 Will gladly write thy pretty praises,  
 And all the Birds in euery valley  
 Will gladly sing the praise of *Iacke and Dolly.*

45. b. 2. 47.



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Expressed in a dainty Courtly Sonnet:

First read and heare it, then censure vpon it.

To a curious new Northerne tune.



Come come my Deare that art so pretty,  
 Attend my suite and vail some pity,  
 For all the world shall here remove me,  
 Unill the day I die I bow to love thee:  
 And all the birds in euery valley  
 Will gladly sing the praise of *Iacke* and *Dolly*.

Thy rare perfection I admire,  
 Thy company I doe desire,  
 Thy presence yields to me such pleasure,  
 I would not misse thy sight for any treasure.

Be thou my sweeting constant ever,  
 And I in love will still perseuer:  
 The Ocean sooner shall be dryed,  
 Than my firme love to thee shall be denyed.

Let me enjoy thy lonely presence,  
 Which I do hold my earthly essence,  
 And with reciprocall affection  
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 Will gladly write thy pretty praises,  
 And all the Birds in euery valley  
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45. b. 2. 34.



The Second part.

To the same tune.



As thou proper art and pretty,  
So art thou courteous prompt and witty,  
Both Art and Nature are combined,  
To make of thee a piece of Earth refined.  
And all the birds in every vally,  
Will gladly sing the praise of *Iacke and Dolly*.

How can I then be discontented?  
Or why should my choice be discontented?  
Though thou hast not one copper token,  
He not recant the words that I have spoken.

I might have riches out of measure,  
But what care I for worldly treasure?  
Give me a Lasse endowed by nature,  
He labour hard or beg for such a creature.

No tortures that man can endure,  
Shall make my fancy prone impure:  
No parents frowne, nor friends reproving,  
Shall make my settled mind to be removing.

Then with my permanent affection  
Submits it selfe to thy direction,  
Let not thy heart my only treasure be,  
(Like *Cressida*) be mutable or flitting.

Be thou like *Hero* to *Leander*,  
Let not thy thoughts like *Helen* wander,  
To leave thy selfe *Leander* for a stranger,  
Duplicity in choice hath still been danger.

That which thy truest faithful friends is beloved,  
I to Court of heaven is allowed,  
And be of thy that the same sufferingeth,  
But knowe of such contempt great love avengeth.

But why seem I to miscount thy doing,  
No just occasion by thee knowing?  
No, though I speake all this in passion,  
I dare be sworne thou hast all of that fashion.

Then be not thou my Deare offended,  
Nor let thy angry browe be bended:  
Yet if thou speake to this I be beholding,  
I love to heare thy voice, though't be in scolding.

Then be thou constant in thy carriage,  
Till that we be linked in marriage,  
Then farewell care and melancholly,  
Since lockie hard possesse his dearest *Dolly*.

And all the Birds in every vally,  
Will sweetly sing in praise of *Iacke and Dolly*.

FINIS.

